Dear Howard, 7/8/77

I'm getting worse on names when I din't write them down. I guess that in part I do not write them down because I don't want to be bothered with them/. Anyway, you are not well enough known in Phildelphis for Greater Philadelphia magazine to have known about you. I took care of that today with one reason in mind. Now that most of the many tensions of the day have worn I can think of another.

You should be hearing from a guy named Mike, I think Mallow or Marrow, on the mag's staff. This holds possibilities of making you ma and pa proud and happy, my instinctive reason when I asked him how I become local for Phila? (He is due here Monday.) He did not know I was born in Phila. But he said, well, he has spoken to Wecht...

Ponzi plans a book and has all along. This I learned from him.

He came to me only because of a very fine young man who used to be Jack McKinney's on-air producer on WCAU, Maury Levy, who held the job to work his way through daytime college. I don't know if I'd recognize Maury now but my recollections of his them is of a really good human being. But this was before your time so Maury did not know of you.

I've confessed my prejudices about you. When he is here he'll hear other kinds of prejudices. (It may not make my mother as happy because with cousins and a sister and brother-in-law in Phila. it will get back.)

reminds me. This I've gotta tell you. My mother called me after the Lou Gordon show was aired in Phila. Fron the teasters she and all her friends knew. All the relatives. Must have made a significant difference in Ma Bell's listing. The she called me. To tell me what? How proud she was I didn t lose my temper. But how she loved all the things all the others told her. This is what I have in mind for your folks. (Gordon died so the real reason I went/was out there to do the show is gone.)

I don't remember if you met the two AU girls I'm find of, Kim and Lila. Lila phoned just as I was finishing my greatly exapanded permitted exercise: twice to the end of the lane and back three times a day rather than once. By a carbon of this Jim will know that after she gets back for the coming semester he'll have a junior research assistant who will use the AU law library to do research for him. She was on a talking jag and it was good for me. Partly because it was different than what has been on my mind and partly because I'm genuinely find of these fine young people and the more I see them mature the happier it makes me. She slept through my appearance on Good Morning America but her pal Kim told her very simply, "He's still giving 'em hell." Some review!

I don't know if the anti-coagulent prescribed about two weeks ago by a local doctor has helped or not but I do know that having it cut back yesterday has. Can't take a drink with it except after 8 hours. Not much point in rousing from a sound sleep to take a drink to relax, is there? It does help me relax, and I do have the need. With the furtherwithdrawl of the medicine I can start tomorrow about 2 p.m. (The one goog thing I got from an antagonistic doctor who was also put in a bad position by a bureaucracy, not me, is "good idea" on drinking to relax. She has an accent. Bet she is European, maybe even a WWII bride.) After she examined my legs and a little of the thighs and more after she saw my legs turn purple the antiginism retreated - while my apprehensions escalated.

There is a funnybusiness Lil and I, who hold a local doctor in high regard, are inclined to attribute either to outright lies by GHA or to the compromised situation in which this nice doctor finds himself vis-a-vis GHA and me. Lil was with me when he put me on a mild anti-coagulent 6/27 and said if there was no remission by the time I had taken what he prescribed hospitalization for some sophisticated testing would be indicated. I'm addressing you as executor as well as friend. Night before last he actually counseeled me, with Lil on the phone, to blast through the bureaucracy by going to the DC hospital of choice, exaggerating my leg pains in the emergency room until admitted and then let things work themselves out. I could not do that. But when with Jim having loused up a (pay b cause Lil asked him to shepherd me and forfend against my blowing up as well as

helping in other way had to leave beczuse of deadlines I finally saw a doctor I was told he had said other than this. I have no way of knowing. This meaning that in his opinion I should have been hospitalized for these tests, some of which have a bad reputation among those prejudiced against the disagreeable.

Where there is agreement, absent testing, it appears that I do have some kind of arterial problem. It appears to be in the legs, something like an inadequate supply of blood to them results in some kind of oxygen impoverishment that tires me. I didn't have to be told about the tiredness. Jim has known of it for a while without any doctor telling him. There is cold comfort in the explanation. But as of yesterday, in the GHA view, there was no need for any testing. But after all this time there is an acknowledgement of an undescribed arterial problem.

The way it works out is that when I was consuming no alcohol, said to be fattening, my weight went up. I can't do much to love any, either. And that what is , or in the past has been beneficial to the venous condition is none for the presumed arterial condition. I miss the walking. I don't think there is a p ine needle along the lane I don t know so in my clautrophobic backing and forthing today I at least read the paper. Safe now that we've paved it.

Jim told me today that we have prevailed enough in the Dimondstein case. Brooks who did not pay for books. The judge supported Jim on his allegation of frauf and punitive damages. If they have received the bill from their lawyers yet I'll bet they'll settle. The wildest part is that when we have alleged a single entry, a continuing transaction, one account, the week before the judge decides they sned us an order that asks no questions about terms or credit, encloses no cash, etc., proving that it was an open account all over again. Snd pe haps the wildest part is that it is the one book not in short supply and available to them via NYC source, if at a loss to me. I guess the difference is between the lower or operating level and the higher or stealing level.

When I got back from DC last night it was just in time for a call from Jim Tague. It appears I understaaed too much in the draft of an affidavit for him. It turns out that because of some speacial meaning of the word "chip" in the auto business he thinks of the mark on the crub in terms of an "abrassion." Which in some way is better because that is the smoothest part of the dug-up curbstone. Maybe nothing can make points before a Pratt but I think it will make a good record and can be of value before appeals.

Say nothing about it because I will want to bide my time and occasion but I do believe that Tannenbaum, who has remained close to Lane, has actually hired the second Richard Sprague. If he has asked me to select the single most self-destructive thing he could do could I have improved? But first I want to be sure it has happened.

Need I mention there is another Rochard Sprague, whose kooks go marching on?

best,